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## PUCK.

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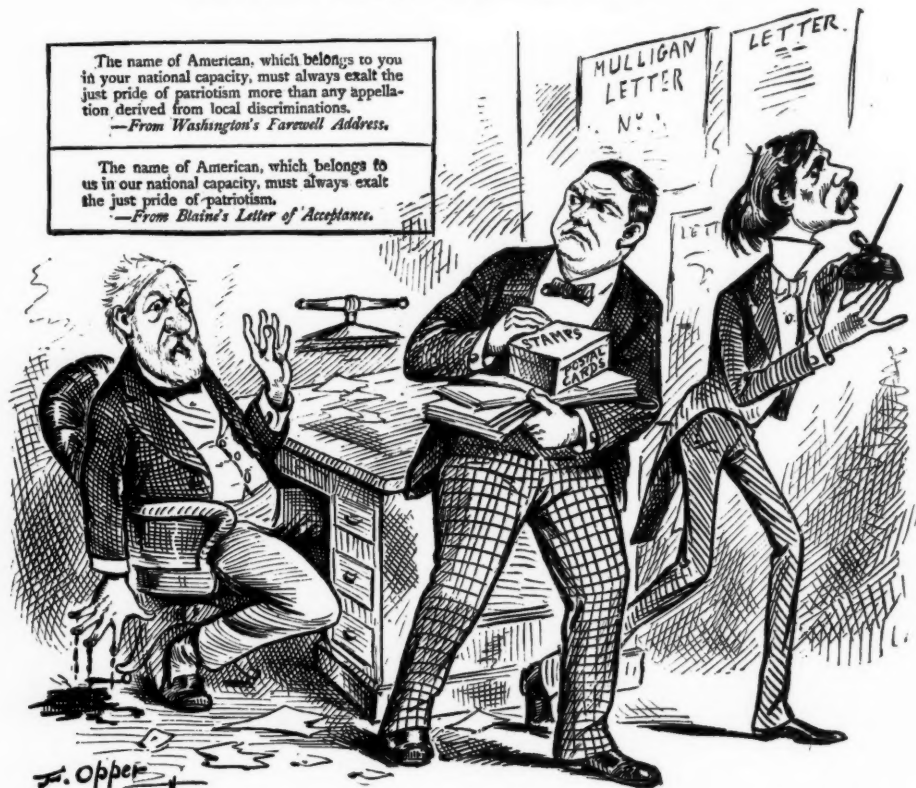
## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Is it not beautiful to see how many totally different disinterested friendships the good Mr. Blaine is capable of? The down-trodden Irish are the dearest friends of his bosom; the colored man is not only his brother but his uncle and his aunt and his pretty cousin; his soul yearns to be at peace with the hardy Briton and all other foreigners; he respects the rights of capital to such an extent that every monopolist in the country is his devoted ally, and if he has one single preference for any human being in this beautiful world, it is for the workingman. Great Scott! how he loves the workingman! How he wallows in affection for him! And what a deep-seated distrust he has of that cruel Governor Cleveland who vetoed the bill permitting the laboring classes to ride at five cents a head on the Elevated Railroad, between the hours of nine and five—when, it is well known, the laboring classes always take their pleasure! We really believe there is nothing—nothing until next November—that Mr. Blaine would not do for the workingman.

And yet we scarcely believe that Mr. Blaine understands the workingman. It strikes us that, not to put too fine a point upon it, he takes the workingman for a fool. He and his followers raise the howl of "Protection to Labor—Down with Monopoly!" and they all seem to think that they have only to howl loud enough to make the workingman believe that they mean it. It is our opinion—and we claim to know a little more of what real work and real workingmen are than can a lobbyist like Mr. Blaine or a stock-gambler like Jay Gould, or a tuft-hunter like Mr. Field—it is our opinion that the workingman is likely to know his natural enemies when he sees them. And he has only to open his eyes to see what manner of men are Mr. Blaine and his supporters.

Is this the friend of the workingman, this shameless demagogue, who is ko-towing to the criminal element among the Irish population—who is bidding for votes among the dynamiters and the anarchists? Are these friends of the workingman, these professional patriots, who live upon the credulity of their ignorant countrymen? Why, they never did an honest day's work in their lives. What have these scamps—what have the wealthier scamps who are now so glad to make a treaty with them—what have any of these people got to do with the workingman? What cause have the workingmen to love Cyrus Field, or W. H. Vanderbilt, (who probably damns them all in a heap with the rest of the public,) or Russell Sage, or John Roach, or Secor Robeson or O'Donovan Rossa? And

## LETTER-WRITING WILL BE HIS RUIN.



THE FIRST DUTY OF BLAINE'S MANAGERS IS TO DEPRIVE HIM OF PEN, INK AND PAPER AT ONCE.

what, in the name of heaven, have they to expect from Mr. James G. Blaine, and what work has he ever done for any man except himself? We think that the workingman will want an answer to this question before he turns blaniac.

Now we know why you are so anxious to be Vice-President of these United States, Mr. Logan. Don't say you are not, because we know better. To be President would perhaps have been more to your taste; but that can never be. Neither is the outlook favorable for your filling the office for which you have been so uproariously nominated. But we like a man who has the interest of his friends and relatives at heart and takes care of them. It's a very rare quality. Few people possess it. A large majority of the civilized human race endeavor to keep their relations just as far away as they conveniently can. Not so with Mr. Logan; he has almost as much tender solicitude for their welfare as he has for his imposing moustache.

All the returns are not in yet; but so far we find that no fewer than eighteen of Mr. Logan's kinsfolk and ex-servants draw salaries from the United States Government, from serving the country in the capacity of foreign minister to that of messenger in the Department of the Interior. All these lucky people will certainly vote for Mess. Blaine and Logan; and now that there is such strongly developed opposition to the ticket, Mr. Logan must regret that he has not used his powerful influence to have appointed several hundred thousand more office-holders, to have insured at least that number of votes. It is a little too late now to do this. Mr. Logan ought to have thought of it before. This campaign is thus for the Republican nominee for Vice-President a struggle for the existence of himself and friends.

How are they to get a living without him? And yet, how can they remain, when their bene-

factor has so much to say about Civil Service Reform? But let it be assumed that they will retain their places, and Mr. Logan continues to charitably provide for his relations and friends at the Government expense on the same liberal scale. In a few years time there will be no such thing as Civil Service. People won't know what it means. It will be called the Logan Service. Everybody who is fortunate enough to be a friend or relative of Mr. Logan will have an appointment, and it will be to the interest of all American citizens anxious to serve their country to cultivate Mr. Logan's acquaintance. After all, if we can't have real Civil Service Reform, it is better to let one man run the whole business; and Mr. Logan, with his experience, is obviously the man to do it.

## A GREAT RATIFICATION MEETING.

## THE TICKET INDORSED.

Many thousands of citizens assembled the other evening for the purpose of expressing approval of the great and invincible ticket that has recently been nominated. The enthusiasm was unprecedented. When the campaign banner was raised, and the portrait of the candidate was flung into the breeze, there arose a ringing cheer that reverberated through the distant mountain-chains. The meeting was addressed by General Butler, in which he pointed out that the country was safe so long as earnest support was given to the candidate whose name was in everybody's mouth—he meant PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer of 1884—to learn wisdom from whom was the bounden duty of every American citizen. Without PUCK ON WHEELS Greenbackism, Anti-Prohibition, Anti-Masonry, Cholera and Socialism would flourish. With PUCK ON WHEELS, not only the United States, but the whole world would be prosperous and happy. PUCK ON WHEELS comprised the best plank in every platform of every party. PUCK ON WHEELS is now ready, and can be had of all news-dealers; price twenty-five cents. For full table of contents see page 364.



## RAVAGES OF SUNDAY MUSIC.

PUCK is not to be outdone by any esteemed morning contemporary. Charity begins at home, and don't you cease to remember it. The morning journals may arise and send out special correspondents to the North Pole and the cholera districts. They may do it as often as they like. They have our permission. But they don't get away with the alert Puck any. Puck is right there—on Wheels every time.

The above outburst is introductory to the report of Puck's special commissioner sent out to investigate the ravages of Sunday music in Central Park. The report is herewith appended:

RESERVOIR, CENTRAL PARK, }  
August 3rd, 1884.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Obedient to your instructions, I visited the Mall in this park to-day and observed carefully the ravages of the deadly music. I am convinced that the strictest quarantine laws will have to be enacted and enforced in the severest manner to prevent a spread of the disease throughout the country. There is every reason to believe that, unless the greatest care is taken, it will become epidemic. If it once gets under way, no power on earth can stop it. Mexico suffers dreadfully from this disease. There they have music on the plazas every alternate day.

The first sufferer who caught my attention was a pale young girl. Her transparent complexion, large dark eyes and attenuated figure showed that she was of an æsthetic temperament, and ought to have been fed on a diet of Donizetti and Cherubini. Yet there she was breathing an atmosphere that fairly reeked with Wagner, Beethoven and Dave Braham. Old Hundred should never have been permitted to enter her presence; the food was too strong for her system. Near by I saw a little baby—only a year old—trying to find sustenance in her bottle, while the air was rendered heavy by the strains of the "Lost Chord." The baby couldn't drink her milk. How could she in the presence of such music? She could only weep and weep, and refuse to be comforted despite the sporadic efforts of her nurse, who was engaged in talking to a handsome coachman.

The band was sowing Wagner broadcast. It was shameful. The atmosphere was full of fine particles of ideas, which had been blown into thousands of fragments by the trombones,

French horns and trumpets. Now, these ideas originally were very big and strong, and altogether unfit for the digestion of ordinary people. Scattered abroad in these fine particles, they are sure to find their way into the systems of the people. Just imagine the effect! Think of a calm, peaceful, working populace filled with ideas—ideas which are bound to grow and spread and affect their entire existence! How much better it would be for these people to go to church, where they could go to sleep and not hear anything, and where they wouldn't get any ideas, even if they were awake. People don't want to be filled with ideas, especially working people. They have so many of their own. Then the band played Beethoven. Now, every one knows that Beethoven is unhealthy. He is just as unhealthy as Goethe, or Dante, or Tasso, or Homer, or any other of those great wits who to madness were so close allied. Beethoven wrote overtures to "Egmont" and "Fidelio." Beethoven wrote nine symphonies, each being more dreadful in its effects than the preceding one, until the ninth was reached. It takes about one hundred instrumentalists, a quartette and about one thousand strong-lunged German singers to handle this symphony. Well, now, what sort of stuff is this to be giving to working people? It is what they call great music. And yet the Park Commissioners want to allow auricular injections of it to be administered to the laboring classes in the Summer-time. Suppose they should catch the mania? Suppose working-men took to singing and whistling Beethoven instead of Harrison Millard and Claribel? Why, it would be as bad as if they took to reading the Waverly Novels and John Milton instead of Sylvanus Cobb, jr., and Nathan D. Urner.

It is evident that this thing has got to be stopped. It can be easily seen that the working-men and their families will be utterly demoralized, physically, mentally and morally, by this dread outbreak of Sunday music in the Park. A mass-meeting should be held at once. Theodore Thomas should preside, and Leopold Damrosch should be made vice-president. No men know better than they do the rapidity with which musical infection spreads among the people. The Legislature should be memorialized, and a law should be passed to prevent Sunday music. You hear me shouting.

Yours in dead earnest,  
DRONEPIPE KILLJOY.

## A DEEP DIPLOMAT.



HE.—"What am I doing? Why, saving expense. Don't you see, I'm cutting down all the trees and knocking the shade out of sight, so you can imagine you are in the country and stay where you are."

## Puckerings.



O MOSES, Ikey, Abraham!  
Come liden to my tale,  
Und learn for w'y my rosy cheeks  
Vos grown so t'in un' pale.  
Oh, hear der shitory of a man  
Whose prain is in a virl,  
Vere love is valtzing mit a dream  
Of Solomon's eldest girl!

I don't take no more joy in nix,  
Who used to be so gay—  
I'm aebst-mindet mit my sales—  
I gif dem pants away.  
I'd trade der best vot's in der shop,  
For shoost one sinkle curl  
Dot nestles in der heafenly bang  
Of Solomon's eldest girl!

Her hair is shoost as black as night,  
Un' lies in shining locks;  
Her lips are ret as shtrawberries  
At sefenty sents a box.  
She 's fit to be die plusing pride  
Of a shenooin Enklisch earl—  
Oh, she 's too high-up priced for me—  
Is Solomon's eldest girl!

I lofe her for her shparkling eyes,  
Dot makes her di'monds dim,  
Un' her hair as plack as dem noo pants  
I sold her broder Shim.  
I lofe her for her shell-like ears—  
Her teeth as vite as pearl—  
But I kess I lofe her solidest  
Cause she 's Solomon's eldest girl.

PRIMEVAL—J. G. B.

A LIVE ISSUE—PUCK.

A CAMPAIGN LIE—The Tribune.

A CHOLERA SCARE—The Cucumber.

FOR CLEVELAND—The Erie Railroad.

WHAT is a garden-party? Do you want to know very much? Yes? Well, will you promise not to tell if we let you know? All right, then we will tell you: A garden-party is the old Shanghai that gets over the fence and rakes up all the mignonette and other flowers.

YES, ALTHEA, you look very charming in that hammock. It becomes you, and you become the hammock. But that is not the way to catch the young men. They will never appreciate you in that attitude, Althea. And why not? Why not? Well, just because they want the hammock themselves, dear.

## PED. AND POV.

"Yes, my dear, it is very unfortunate that we should be reduced to one vegetable, and potatoes at that; but just think for a moment, my darling, how very much superior we are to others—to the Smiths, for instance, who live on forty thousand dollars a year. Don't you know that my grandfather was a major-general? That ought to reconcile you to your lot. It is not every woman who can marry the grandson of a major-general in the regular army of the United States. The Smiths never had a major-general in their family."

"Yes, hubby, pet, family is a great thing. There's Minnie Oliphant, for instance. She is going to be married to Lavender Van Perkyns next week. You know I always look well in pink. I should like a pink silk to go to the wedding. I must have a new pink silk dress!"

"You are very unreasonable, my angel. You know that it is out of my power to get you a pink silk dress. But you ought to be content to do without one when you recollect that you are the wife of a man whose uncle's brother-in-law once shook hands with Victor Hugo. There are not many men, my dear, wandering over the face of this earth who have shaken hands with Victor Hugo. None of our neighbors have relatives who have had such an honor conferred on them. I don't think you appreciate the exalted social position we occupy."

"Perhaps I don't; but we really want a new carpet in the parlor, besides a variety of other things."

"Do not irritate me," answered the husband: "We can not have a new carpet; and why should we, if we could? You seem to forget that we have no use for such luxuries. Common people, who are without aristocratic connections, are obliged to furnish their homes richly. No one would visit them unless they did; but we need not."

"Well, I don't see," returned the wife: "that there is anything objectionable in making the house pretty and attractive. Now, why can't you manage to take me to Newport or Saratoga to spend the remainder of the Summer?"

"I shall never be able, my love, to bring you to a realizing sense of the position to which I have raised you. What can you possibly wish for? You seem to have forgotten all I have told you with regard to my position. Let me furnish the information once more. Is it possible that these matters can have escaped your memory? I am satisfied to live on tooth-picks and salt pork for ever, remembering, as I do, that my mother's half-brother on one occasion spoke to the Czar of Russia; that my own uncle sat at the same table with Lord Byron's only living descendant; that my grandfather knew a man who signed the Declaration of Independence. Do you want me to go on, or have I said enough? Wealth and family are very well in combination; but if one has not the wealth, one must put up with the distinguished family, which is much better than the wealth without the family. It is the common wealthy people who are envying us, and it savors of vulgarity for you to complain. My dear, come and help me shake the carpet."

## POLICY VS. LOVE.

A Gander sat with a Goose one night,  
And plead his Love with all his might.

But the Goose she ruffled her feathers high,  
And answered: "No, sir! No! Not I!"

But the Gander loved her none the less;  
So plead his suit till she answered "Yes."

Then the Goose's Friends were much enraged  
That these two Geese should be engaged,

And at the Match so much did scoff  
That it, alas! was broken off.

For two whole weeks did the Gander weep,  
And then he cried his Grief to sleep.

The Goose at last was comforted,  
And often since has wisely said:

"I loved him just enough, you know,  
To think 'twas best to let him go."

And the Gander adds, with a gruesome grin:  
"What a damned old fool I must have been!"

C. H. B.

## SACRED ART.

We have received from Hitchcock's Music-Store a copy of a piece of music called "Left by Angel Hands Ajar," by Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld. It seems, on a cursory glance, to be pretty good music, although the notes are apparently of different sizes and styles, and are not set very regularly on the barbed-wire fence that goes across the page.

But we are not strong on music, and we do not wish to get out of our depth in the andante solfeggio business. We have been there before, and we know that although it looks simple, it is delusive and snareful, and trips a man up just as he is sailing comfortably and airily over the golden seas of critical superiority. Therefore we shall make no further remarks about the music. Music is an art where every Italian with a barrel-organ has the bulge on us.

But on plain old pictorial art we are safe every time. We are in the pictorial art line ourselves, and we can meander over the subject with any man in the country. And we find an opportunity to let ourselves loose in our specialty when we turn to the title-page of "Left by Angel Hands Ajar."

This title-page presents a view of heaven. It is some time since our glad young child-spirit sailed down to this gloomy earth from those bright celestial regions, and we are inclined to think that it will be some time before we wing our way back there again. But we believe we know more about the shining shore than the artist who drew that picture will ever find out.

The misguided man represents the realm of eternal bliss seen through and over a couple of doors that look like the sides of a box-stall. Two chicken-winged angels are opening this dyspeptic portal, and another assistant angel is shooing in a fourth hen-angel, evidently just fresh from the undertaker, to judge by her style of flying and the thinness of her wings.

Heaven, as this artist represents it, looks a good deal as the lower end of New York would look if it got drunk and shook itself up. The celestial post-office is hopelessly tangled up with a Byzantine chop-house which has got into some sort of confidential relations with a Turkish-bath building in an early stage of Norman architecture. Moreover, there are no less than three churches in full view. Any one of these would be enough to give the place away. The artist has no more idea of heaven than—well, than any other artist has.

We refrain—simply from motives of compassion—from saying anything about the palm-trees that fringe this scene of dazzling joy. But the joy angel flying around over the marble mosque in the far background deserves the passing tribute of a curse.

If Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld's composition can achieve fame and glory, backcapped by such a title-page, it is strong enough to stand up against John L. Sullivan.

THE MESSENGER-BOYS at Long Branch ride on bicycles while on duty. While this increases the "speed" of the messenger-boy, it rather spoils the bicycle's reputation for moving like the wind.

WE ALWAYS were hopeful; therefore it gives us an electric thrill of joy to hear that there are twenty American girls studying the higher branches of science at the University of Zürich. When these young women come back, we trust their devotion to science will enable them to tell us how to move and keep up a car-window on a New Haven train, and how to prevent one's washerwoman from bringing home garments week after week which don't belong to you, and are four sizes too big, anyhow.

## HINTS FOR PREVENTING CHOLERA.



Bathe frequently, even if it requires an effort of will-power to do it.



Let certain kinds of fruit alone. [Such as the above.]



Beware of the deadly ice-cream. [Young men may send tokens of gratitude to this office.]



Avoid violent exercise. [Ask your boarding-house landlady to cut your steak for you.]



Don't indulge in too much tobacco. If you must smoke, borrow a cigar from a friend.



Don't walk too rapidly. District Telegraph boys never have cholera.



A SUMMER IDYLL; OR, THE ICE-KING'S CAREER.

[IN THREE CHAPTERS.]



MAY.



AUGUST.



OCTOBER.

THE "IRISH" BARBER ON BLAINE.

(NO CONNECTION WITH THE GERMAN BARBER.)

Yis, sir. Sit down, sir. A hair-cut? Im-majutely! That's id; lay yer head back a little. D'ye like it cut short, sir? No? A me-ji-um cut? All right. Blood an' ounkadeers! but wasn't the meetin' at Chickerin' Hall, a Monday night, wan o' the finest ye iver seen? Ye worn't there, sir? Well, more is the pity, an' I know be the shape o' yer beautiful skull yer a counthryman o' me own. Didn't Mr. Ford spake beautiful? He's Mr. Patrick Ford's brudder—that's the bould patriot who's collect-in' in all the money to blow up the underground railroads in England; an' when the patriots makes a big haul, an' murders heaps o' the Englishmin an' wimin—bad luck to thim, did n't they murder me own ancisthors!—sure the doinamoighters kin say they are Amerikin citizens, an' Mr. Blaine won't let 'em be touched.

What do I think o' Mr. Blaine? Well, sir—will you take a shampoo? No? All right, sir. What do I think o' Mr. Blaine? Well, sir, to tell ye the truth, I don't think much of him. In the first place, sir, he's a turncoat; in the nixt place, he's an ould swindler; and in the third place, he's as much av a Knownothin' now as he iver was in the days whin he was an ed-ithur av a paper.

Was I in Chickerin' Hall? Av coorse I was. D'ye think I'd lose sich a soight? The fust gintilman who addressed us was Father Pepper—a shplendid man, don't be talkin'!—an' the way his rivirince used to sink down on his knees an' double himse'f up, an' snap his beautiful teeth an' tear his lovely hair—be-the-way, sir, I'm goin' to make him a present av a bottle of our patint hair-restorer. Would ye moind try-in' wan? On'y a dollar. You won't, this time? Very well, sir. Well, about Father Pepper—begob, he's all pepper! In fact, he's pepper, ginger an' musthard all in one; an' won't he scald the English whin the doinamoight goes over!

Who was the nixt spaiker? Well, Mr. Ford's brudder, a young man that'll be a powerful spaiker yet af he on'y gets enough o' practice, said he would be Mr. Carey wid the beard. Well, Mr. Carey wid the beard was a little man shaved up to the eye-lashes, wid a head as bald as a billiard-ball. He didn't say much, as he's not much of a spaiker; but be all accounts he's a divil to think.

But whin Jedge Brinnin, all the way from Iowa, kem out, why, you'd think the boys'd

tear the hall down. Och! the Jedge is the daarlint of a spaiker, an' if Jim Blaine on'y scrapes in—which I have my doubts, poor man—an' a couple o' thousand min like Jedge Brinnin are let loose on the counthry, we'll have war wid England—what's that you say, sir? Blaine a Knownothin'? You'll have a shave now? All right. Let me turn the chair round. A Knownothin'! Why, Jim Blaine, on'y for his little game to kick up a row an' get this counthry into hot wather with England, and cethera, wouldn't get an Irish doinamoighter's vote no more than he'd fly.

'Twas to see Mr. Ford the boys wint to Chickerin' Hall last night; but the poor man sot inside in the reception-room the whole night countin' up all the imirgincy money for murderin' the English.

What's that ye say, sir? Was it Blaine paid for the hall an' the band? No, thin, ye may take yer oath it wasn't; but 'twas Ford's imirgincy fund done it, merely to get a slap at England. An' would you blame Mr. Ford, the darlin' han'some man? No, faith! you wouldn't; for av he don't do somethin' wid the money he's gettin' in, the "kill"ctions will be stopped. Twinty-five cents, sir. Thank'ee, sir. Why don't I side wid the Dimicrats? Sure, I always sided wid 'em, an' would do so to-day, but Jim Blaine gives us his word undherhand that he'll wink at our murderin' in England if we on'y manage to elect him. Good-by, sir, an' thanks. I'll always keep ye posted on these matthers any time ye plaize to cal.

"BARNEY O'DYNAMITE."

SCENE.—Rooms of a young medi al student. He is engaged in dissecting. To him enters a friend.

FRIEND.—"Hello, Jimmy! Whose corpse is that?"

JIMMY.—"Mine."

FRIEND (thunderstruck).—"Yours? Why, how—"

JIMMY.—"Of course it's mine; I bought it and paid for it."

[Friend drinks Croton water and dies.]

A WOMAN WILL calmly leave the cover of a jar containing ground coffee open when she knows the air will take the strength out of it. But she will never leave the stopper out of a bottle containing the perfume she bought in Paris last Summer. Any one sending us a correct solution of the whyforeness of the thusly will receive, by return mail, the cornet used by Washington to blow his fire at Valley Forge.

CURRENT COMMENT.

IRISH AFFAIRS—Potatos and Dynamite.

THE BOSS STOVE-LIFTER—An Irishman.

A SAND PIPER—The Coney Island Cornetist.

A PAPER-MILL—The Average Prize-fight of To-day.

PLAINT OF THE POETIC TRAMP—"My soles are like twin stars, and dwell apart."

A QUANTITY OF dynamite is said to have been shipped to Cuba. It will probably be used to dispose of the manufacturers who make cigars out of Connecticut tobacco, and send them over here as real Havanas.

THE PROPAGANDA—The one that isn't tough. [The man who sent this in received by return post a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS for 1884, which is now out and for sale by every news-dealer in the country.—Adv.]

AFTER A CAREFUL study of several hundred newspapers, we have arrived at the conclusion that if all the States promised to Cleveland give him their votes, and each State that Blaine is sure of gives its vote to that candidate, both Blaine and Cleveland will be elected by a very large majority.

ARTAXERXES, BEWARE of that young woman with the merry laugh, who has been flirting with you for the past three days on the country hotel piazza. That down-town firm for whom you labor has allowed you a tortnight's vacation. That young woman with the old-gold hair and bangs over the forehead has thus eleven days in which to capture you. Go slow, for you can do better in the matrimonial mart. She has already been engaged six times, and if you are after shekels—as of course you are—there are none there, dear boy. Her father's house is mortgaged three times over, and the chattels and furniture are in the same condition. Besides, he is the deacon of a church and the cashier of a bank. Those handsome solitaire diamonds in her shell-like ears are borrowed from her cousin. That delicate zephyr-like costume and that gorgeous parasol have, together with a thousand other things, not been paid for, and the dry-goods house are clamoring for their money. Beware, Artaxerxes, we say.

## THE CRAB IN MOTION.

I have been studying the habits of the interesting crab to some extent this Summer, and I have decided that he has the most charms for me when he is boiled. He may not be so handsome in the cold, calm repose of death as he is when in motion, but he is more docile. I can not have perfect confidence in a crab until he is dead. Therefore, I do not make myself entirely free with him until he has been brought to a perfect state of docility and submissiveness, which requires about twenty minutes, more or less, in boiling water. Then I can trust him.

My confidence in the crab in motion was weakened by a little episode of last Summer. I had stolen out, one bright and joyous morning, with a piece of Spring-chicken of the crop of '79, to persuade a few crabs from their damp and quiet lair. I caught a very fine large one—a leader in crab conventions—and had him in my basket before he fully realized that his feelings were being trifled with, and he was about to have a change of scene. Then I took the basket well back from the water, and with a gay snatch of song, such as I indulge in sometimes when I feel sure that no person is near with a shot-gun, I threw my line out again.

While I was waiting for another bite, I heard an unfamiliar sound in my rear, and upon looking around I saw my big crab going with great impetuosity toward the shore. He had not been satisfied with his change of scene, and had upset the basket and made a dash for liberty and salt water. When a crab makes a dash for liberty, he travels sideways and in a great hurry. I realized that I had no time to lose if I would save the only crab I had, and I rushed after him, and in the hurry of the moment forgot one of the interesting customs of the crab family. I refer to their cordial, though rather rude way of shaking hands.

Just as I attempted to turn him from his course, he looked up at me in an inquiring sort of way, and grasped my hand like an old acquaintance. I had never before shaken hands with a crab, and I was greatly surprised at the amount of vim this particular crab threw into the operation. I did not expect so strong a grasp from so small an arm. And this crab seemed to want to shake hands all day. He evidently did not understand that my time was precious, and that I was anxious to break off the interview at once. A friend of mine finally came and separated us, or, I suppose, the crab would have insisted upon going home with me, holding my hand just like an old acquaintance. That is the only time in my eventful career that I ever shook hands with a crab, and I am not asking for any more of that sort of social civility.

I am now very much reserved in the presence of a crab until he is well boiled, and when I see him going toward the water, I just let him go on in his mad career. When it seems necessary for me to have social intercourse with the crab in motion, I handle him with a very long pair of tongs. I don't make myself free with him. I show him that there is a social barrier between him and me that he can not cross until he is thoroughly dead.

Some years ago my neighbor had a dog of an inquiring turn of mind, which he called Philosopher when he was not in a hurry. Philosopher was in the habit of coming over upon my premises, and trying in various ways to win my respect and esteem; but he never succeeded to any great extent. Perhaps he did not go about it in the right way. He came oft in the stilly night, and sat under my window and poured out his sorrow to the moon. The moon seemed to stand it, but I couldn't. I went to my neighbor with a protest, but he said he could do nothing; that he didn't like to hear a dog howl any better than I did; but, according to divine

law, that was the only way in which a dog could give expression to his deeper emotions, and he thought man ought to try and put up with it. Besides, he said, he believed that the howling of a dog was an omen of death.

I told him I thought so, too, especially when the dog howled under my window, and then I went and bought a shot-gun.

But after that Philosopher seemed to reform and lead a more joyous life. He stayed home of nights, and if he was ever sad, he brooded mostly in silence.

One day I came home with a basket full of crabs, and found Philosopher sitting in my yard with a look of mingled curiosity and pleasure on his open and expressive countenance. He seemed to be glad to see me, and when I set the basket upon the ground and turned aside, he went up to it in an inquiring sort of way. As

I have said, he was of a very investigating turn of mind. He would sit by a hen's nest half an hour, waiting for the hen to get through laying and adjourn, so that he could form himself into a committee of one and investigate the proceedings. And his investigation of a hen's nest was always very systematic and thorough.

When he saw something move in my basket, he appeared to grow more than usually curious. He seemed to be both surprised and delighted that I had carried home something that was alive. He smelled cautiously around the basket, wagged his tail with a graceful, easy motion, and then, growing more curious and bold, he stuck his nose down among the crabs and picked a large one up. He did not intend to pick it up so suddenly; it was all the crab's doing. It got one of its claws tangled somehow with Philosopher's nose, and then there was a sound of revelry by day. I never before saw a dog get so excited. He lost all control over himself. His one prominent thought seemed to be a desire to go away somewhere, and he went. He went with exceeding impetuosity. He went as nothing had gone before, except chain-lightning, perhaps, and he took my crab with him.

If any traveler in Europe, Asia or Africa has seen a yellow dog with a part of one ear bit off, and an expression denoting humble birth, with a healthy-looking crab hanging to his nose, the traveler will receive a large assortment of thanks by communicating with my neighbor. But I am rather indifferent. I lost a good crab, I know; but there is no loss without some slight compensation.

SCOTT WAY.

## THE BLAINIAC QUERY.

Let 's groan o'er our bereaval, and  
In solitude primeval, and  
With gloom and grief coeval, and  
With deep despair and woe;  
For there 's coming an upheaval, and  
We 're gone up past retrieval, and  
It 's all because of Cleveland—

The party 's got to go!  
\*OH! where will me and Steve land,  
When they 've elected Cleveland?  
Say, powers of good or evil, and  
That 's what we want to know.

G. LARRABEE LUM.

\*) With agony, as if beseeching a Mulligan.

## WEARISOME.



SCENE: Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

"I shay, stranger, 'slongest front fence ever shaw. Been pashing it fer two hours. Wassar matter?"

## THE WEIRD BARBER.

In "Studio Tonsorial," trim and bright,  
He mutely bowed me to the vacant seat;  
In sooth, he looked a brisk and merry wight;  
His hand was light, his touch was deft and neat.  
And featly, too, th' anointing brush he plied,  
Nor right to left and back my jaws he wrenched;  
Nor rude my nose with thumb-nail skyward pried,  
Nor full with suds my outraged nostril drenched.

Scarce felt, his trusty blade sped smooth and keen  
Athwart the grisly harvest of my cheek;  
And eke again the traversed field did glean,  
And yet no word that barber did he speak!  
I hark'd to hear him tell that it did rain,  
And was not like to cease while it kept on;  
And that he had shrewd notion that Jim Blaine  
Would win unless the other party won.

Or that the atmosphere—'twas near July—  
Was somewhat warmer than December last;  
And, he opined, 'twas likely by-and-by  
'Twould cooler grow when Summer heats had passed.  
Or other screeds profound of wisdom hoar  
Tonsorial artists ruthlessly impart  
To writhing victims, gratis and galore;  
But dumb as Turkish mute he plied his art!

The gleaming steel ensheathed, upon my brow  
'Twas his to marshal next the straggling lock.  
"The crisis dread hath come," I murmured: "Now  
He 'll talk or burst!" and braced me for the shock:  
"He 'll tell me that my locks are dry and spare,  
And 'mid them 'gins to yawn a bodeful spot;  
And that a tonic he compoundeth rare  
Would conjure fur upon a brazen pot.

"That sure 'twas one with quaffing crazed, or rude,  
Unpractised oaf, that last my scone did trim;  
And eke too long that I've gone unshampooed,  
And that my poll is only safe with him.  
That his famed Scythian Balm of Jasmine-flower  
Would extirpate my freckles in a week,  
And corn-salve mixeth he of matchless power"—  
But not one word that barber did he speak!

The rites accomplished, with a graceful bow  
He took oblation; and my vesture brushed,  
And 'tended me regarbing—yet, I vow,  
E'en still that wondrous barber's voice was hushed.  
And then, for all he smiled, there o'er me grew  
The while I gazed upon that man, an awe,  
As who did some weird, mystic creature view  
That ne'er before the eye of mortal saw.

"O thou!" I cried: "what peerless hero art?  
Was feat like thine by minstrel ever sung?  
The lion's maw did Milo hold apart—  
But thou, O barber, thou hast held thy tongue!"  
Quoth "Next" to me: "Ver pardin Oi besache,  
Oi see, sor, 'tis the fursht toime here ye've come;  
Sure if the craythyur only had his spache,  
Himself wud tell yez, sor, he 's deef an' dumb!"

F. C. R.



## A WESTERN MORALIST.

WICHITA, Kan., July 28th, 1884.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Well, PUCK, you call yourself a pure-minded independent apostle. Can you stand a few words unfavorable? 'Tis with the deepest sorrow we down you; but you'll have to stand it. Truth, justice, common-sense demands it. You have a bad case, we know; but bear up. By November the last you'll be convalescent, and by the fourth of next March you'll be in a fair way of complete recovery, though we know you'll not admit it; but, nevertheless, you will be pretty well cured. "Change of pastures make fat calves"—change of politics sometimes make fat pocket-books.

Well, what do you mean to say by that? Do you mean that we have been bribed to oppose Mr. Blaine, or to support Mr. Cleveland? Oh, no, you don't. You are—we regret to say it, and we say it in all kindness and charity—you are somewhat of a fool; but you are far from being such a fool as that. But you are excited; you have been associating with people whose moral standard is low, and you have a vague, confused idea that things may be right in politics which are wrong in ordinary life. You think that the heat of the campaign is an excuse for uttering a contemptible little insinuation. You know that you would not, in soberness and quiet, say or hint anything of the sort. You know that you do not believe it.

The name of Independents can change base without being "flopers." That's what's in a name.

It is not the Independents who have "flopped" this time. It is the Republican Party that has "flopped" from honesty to dishonesty.

You have not "gone over" to the Democratic camp? Oh, you haven't? Why picture Blaine sending a substitute to war, and not Cleveland, when Cleveland also sent a substitute? Was Mr. Cleveland's substitute better than Mr. Blaine's?

Well, yes, he was. He was paid for, and he fought.

Again, do you remember the old saw about the chimney-cleaner? You know, to fool with him you are sure to get smut.

And who is the "chimney-cleaner" in this campaign? Which party has had resort to scandal and indecent personalities? Is it not your own party?

You have fooled with the Democratic Party, and the last few cartoons show blunders. You have lost progressive ideas when you left the Republicans, for you have to copy from a porous-plaster advertisement to get a cartoon idea. Then your last—about the boy stealing apples—that is old as the hills. Do you not see you are going backward—blundering, like the Democrats always do?

We are sorry you don't like our cartoons. We are sorry for your sake. You miss a great deal of wholesome enjoyment. We are sure you would be a wiser, clearer-headed and better man if you sat down and carefully studied every one of these cartoons, and tried to learn the lesson they all convey—the lesson of simple honesty. Party is a very small matter by the side of Principle.

You support Cleveland because he is clean. \*\* [Here our correspondent refers to a scandalous report concerning Governor Cleveland.] You call it a lie, don't you?

Yes.

If it was said so of Blaine it would be truth, wouldn't it?

Yes.

The charges that have been made against Mr. Blaine have come from respectable, responsible people. They have been amply supported by evidence. Any charges that may hereafter be made by the same people, in the same way, will be entitled to the same credence.

But the scandals concerning Mr. Cleveland's personal character have emanated from no decent or avowable source, and we believe that they have no more foundation than the life of any honorable man of the world would furnish. We do not wish to have such accusations introduced into a political campaign. And when they are false, they are doubly contemptible.

That which the Hon. James G. Blaine demanded the Senate to prove, and the Senate couldn't, you pop up to the front and—don't prove it, either. But you try hard to make people think it truth. Back up your cartoons with documents of proof. Let us have it proven.

Mr. Blaine has proven it himself. We need no further proof than what he himself has offered. There is no need of more. The people who ask for more to convince them are too gross-minded to be moved by a revelation from heaven. When a man has written down his own dishonor, the least we can do is to take him at his word.

You cry tears of utterable anguish because Jay Gould and other men of means, whom you class monopolists, support Blaine. How about Cleveland's record with the monopolistic crowd of New York? Did he make them his pets or his enemies? Stand up, PUCK, and answer straightly! No shirking!

He made them his enemies. They are now supporting his opponent.

Your cartoon of Logan and his '59 speech is no doubt true. He was a Democrat then. He saw his error long before others, and came over to the side of Justice. Others couldn't see their errors, and we had to beat the fact into their heads by sabre, ball and powder. Logan's change was a brave battle. From out the darkness with one mighty step he crossed the cursed slavery line. That was his first battle, and since then he has won many others.

We see no reason to believe that a man of the inhumanity Mr. Logan displayed in slavery days may now be trusted as a friend of the negro.

Take Cleveland's vetos as Governor, were they favorable to the workingmen? Were they in favor of the monopolists?

They were "in favor of" no class. They were just and wise, with one exception. And in this one case the Governor's subsequent record forces us to believe that his intentions were pure and honorable.

Come, PUCK, answer this squarely! "PUCK supports Grover Cleveland because honor and decency demand that he should be elected." You therefore indorse the action of a libertine, and term licentiousness as honor and decency! There, that will do, PUCK, my boy, you've shown your hand clearly.

Dare you publish this? Dare you?

Yours (y)ourly, AL. BASTER.

You see, we dare. It does not take much daring. Unwise letters such as this that you

have written us hurt only the writer. This may be an exceptional case, and you may be benefited by the rebuke which your letter has called forth; but we doubt it. Still, in taking leave of you, we think it our duty to call your attention to two things in which you appear to no advantage.

Your letter is ungrammatical. There are a dozen unpardonable errors in it, including that very objectionable fault, the use of "like" for "as." You should say "as the Democrats always do." You write like a young man; it is probably not too late for you to learn to write reasonably correct English.

The second weakness that your communication shows is much more serious. You write a rude and angry letter; but you have not the courage to sign your name to it. You may, indeed, get along in this world without grammar; but if you are cowardly and abusive, we fear you will never be of use to yourself or any one else—unless it may be to the politicians whom you admire.

## Answers for the Anxious.

T. A. JENKINS.—"Curt Journal" too late for this week—will be in next.

F. OPPER.—The poisoned chalice will be put to your lips next week by the shapely hands of an Aroused Editor.

"PHI DONK."—

H. S. TOMER.—

WARREN SEELEY.—

Addresses wanted.

Office of  
G. M. DOUGLASS,  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
FLOUR, MEAL, SHORTS, BRAN, &c., &c.  
MADRID, N. Y., July 30th, 1884.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

After giving your reply careful study, I have come to the conclusion that my end of the rope is as long as

yours, or at least I am willing to let the people act as jury in this case. I am pleased to form your acquaintance. As long as I am a subscriber to PUCK would like to state my views when I think you are wrong. Will not advance my ideas if they are not wanted.

Hoping you are well,  
I remain

Yours truly,

G. M. DOUGLASS.

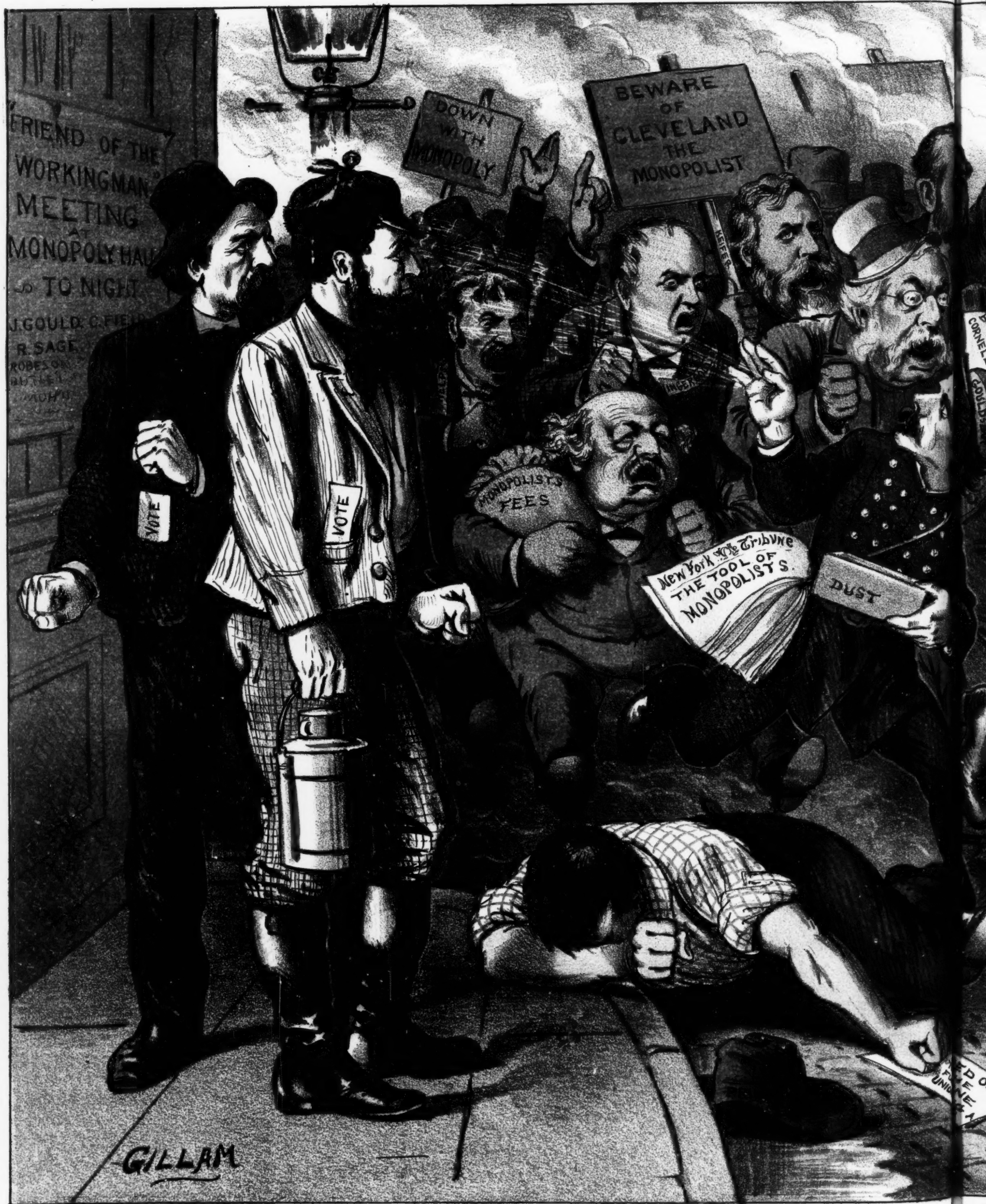
Mr. G. M. Douglass, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Flour, Meal, Shorts, Bran, &c., &c., Madrid, N. Y., we hail you. We admire your proud spirit, and we shall always be glad to hear from you when you think you see any flaws in the bright translucency of our genius. Your ideas, you may be sure, will always be wanted. Ideas are valuable things, and you will probably find them useful to you as you travel through life. Other men do, and we have no reason to suppose that you are an exception to the general rule. But, by-the-way, Mr. G. M. Douglass, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Flour, Meal, Shorts, Bran, &c., &c., Madrid, N. Y., you haven't answered our agonized query in the last issue—what are Shorts?

Tell us, tell us, for we yearn to know.

## AN ALLEGORICAL PICTURE.



SHOWING THE PRESENT STATE OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN ART AND LITERATURE IN THE PUCK OFFICE.



“STO TH  
LEVEL-HEADED WORKINGMAN.—“Too thin! That triary st





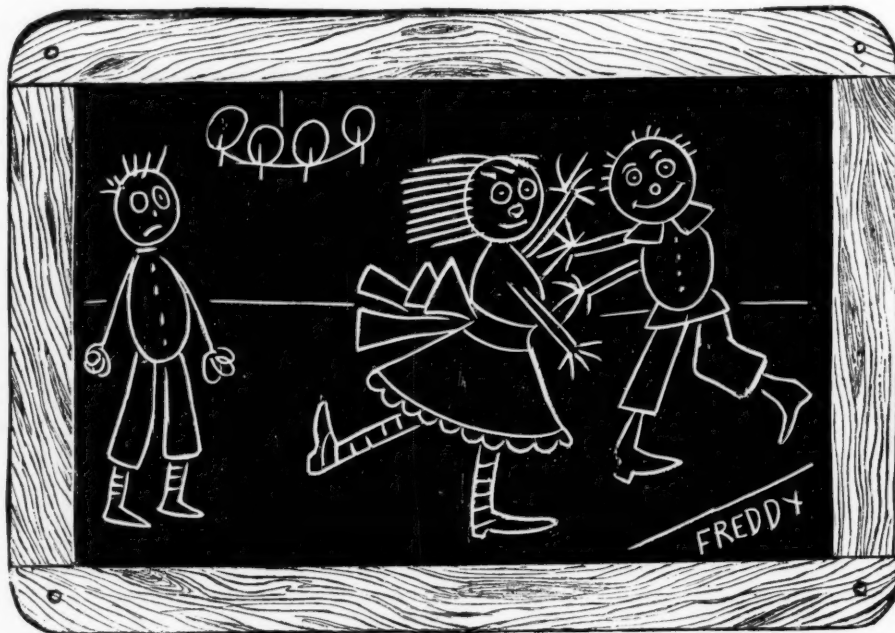
"STOP THIEF!"

That trick is stale. I guess we know a monopolist when we see him!"



## FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkorgustfor

dear puck

this weak i cend you a car Toon that talks  
The caik it is drorn bos And it is troo  
i am havvin bos fun Butt it is gone to cawst  
me A liken four shoure

ouer foaks an jim jonsons foaks ar orl down  
at atlantack beech atlantack beech is a plaice  
downe In new gersey it is On the atlantack  
otion it is a goode plaice but musketose

jim jonsons gerl is here her Naim is marey  
smith butt We corl her mame

she is An orfle prittyer gerl she is jest my stile  
An i am particler i am particler A bout gerls  
an spelin

so wen i caim hear i jus saled In an cut jim  
jonson out it was prittyer riskey butt it was lodes  
off fun

it is a ded mash an doant maik eney miss  
taik she is orl gaun on me she Nose wot is goud  
wen she Sese it

last knight we hadd A hopp it wassent a  
groanup hopp it was a jounvinile hopp

mame had prommist two dans with jim jon-  
son butt i gott thare ict an she densed With me  
this car Toon shose me a dansen with mame  
an jim jonson a lookin on mad he is rele mad  
cee his Fists an his Hare standen up

this ant trou A bout the hare butt it mite hav  
bin he was Mad anuf

it was alrite wile It was gone on but i am  
keapin kinder Quite now wen jim jonson sese  
me he Is gone to lik me

an wen jim jonson likes a feler he likes him  
From waiback

i telyou it hirts

youers hopin he woant

freddy

p s you neadent bee in A hurrey a bout cend  
in bac my slaight mabee i woant be abel Two  
dror eney car Toon neckst weke.

## FREE LUNCH.

POLICE AFFAIRS—Areaways.

A FAMOUS ROADSTER—The Tramp.

THE IRON PIER—The Original Duke of Wel-  
lington.

AN ANTI-PROHIBITIONIST Congressman has  
shot himself. It was a consolation to him in  
his last moments to know that he can't be nomi-  
nated for the Presidency with the crime of sui-  
cide laid to his charge, whatever his enemies  
might have to say about burglary and arson.

THE *Sun* calls upon its readers to be just to  
Blaine. Justice is usually represented blind-  
folded. What our Esteemed Contemporary  
probably wishes is that the people's eyes should  
be closed to the arch-tattooee's queer record  
and performances.

WHAT IS the worst cattle-plague? We don't  
know which is the worst; but a cow walking  
calmly into the garden and serenely devouring  
the tomato-plants that we have been breaking  
our backs over for the past two months is about  
as serious a cattle-plague as we care to en-  
counter.

THE "WIDOW'S" WAIL—"Ben and Gone and  
Undone It."

LITERATURE, IT SEEMS, affects the consump-  
tion of certain beverages. An enormous trade  
in aerated waters has arisen since Byron, in  
"Don Juan," commended the virtues of soda-  
water. This may also account for the enor-  
mous trade in whiskey since the Bible first  
published the story of Noah's defiance of pro-  
hibition doctrines.

NEW YORK has numerous parks, green, um-  
brageous and pleasant, but none more delight-  
ful to the magnetic eye of the Republican  
Presidential Candidate than Parke Godwin.—  
*Commercial Advertiser*. Were this Parke espe-  
cially devoted to legal pursuits, he ought to be  
well benched for his endeavors, in case the can-  
didate of his choice should prove a winning one.

MR. DE DRUNK is the name of a New Eng-  
land temperance lecturer. Experience is no  
doubt of value to the cause, and perhaps Mr.  
De D. plays the double rôle of lecturer and  
"frightful example." Candidate St. John should  
lose no time in securing the services of this  
happy orator of a still happier patronatology.  
An individual with such a name ought to carry  
pretty much everything before him—except,  
perhaps, the demijohn and glasses.

## "PANOPLY," ETC., AT PEEKSKILL.

Peekskill is a place where the various National  
Guard organizations of the State go to war.  
The campaign is a long and arduous one. It is  
not a thirty years' war, or a seven years' war;  
but a regiment has been known to be engaged in  
it for at least a week, and there are instances  
on record of this period being extended to  
eight days.

The rash foreigner who would assert that we  
were not a warlike nation must take it back if  
he visited Peekskill; and not only would he  
take it back, but would express wonder and sur-  
prise at the marvelous endurance of the troops,  
considering what they have to go through while  
they are under arms.

It will not do for the bloated and luxuriously  
city-fed civilian to treat with levity the State  
soldier who is living and prepared to die for  
him. The citizen who is not a member of the  
National Guard has, as a rule, his three com-  
fortable meals a day, and a metaphorical bed  
of roses at night. Let us for a moment com-  
pare this Sybarite's condition with that of the  
Peekskill warrior.

From his blanketed cot under the tissue can-  
vas tent he is rudely awakened from his sleep  
by the soul-stirring reveillé and the tympanum-  
tickling morning gun. He opens his eyes and  
would sleep yet another hour; but it must not  
be, the stern rules of war forbid. There is no  
help for it; he must arise, gird on his armor,  
and be prepared for any emergency, however  
fearful it may be. Who can tell what the day  
may bring forth? He can not feel happy unless  
he has read the foreign telegrams in the morn-  
ing papers. France—all is comparatively quiet  
there. Germany, too, is at peace with the  
United States, and is not ready to hurl her well-  
equipped hordes into the devoted defenders of  
the camp at Peekskill. Even perfidious Albion  
has no warlike intention, unless Blaine should  
be elected. News from other great powers is  
also reassuring.

The Peekskill National Guardsman breathes  
more freely. Whatever martial triumphs it may  
fall to his lot to achieve during the day, one  
thing is certain—that he will not be called upon  
to repel a European army which may have  
landed under cover of the night for the pur-  
pose of wiping out the brave defenders of our  
hearths and homes encamped at Peekskill.

Then comes breakfast. The typical soldier  
is satisfied with hard-tack and some salt pork;  
he does not care for better fare. But so rigid is  
the discipline of the authorities, that they insist  
on the men sitting down to three demoralizing  
meals every day, in order that they may ac-  
custom their stomachs to ill-usage.

This Spartan policy is carrying matters a lit-  
tle too far. So the Sixty-ninth Regiment  
seemed to think, and resented it accordingly.  
They said, in effect:

"We are Irishmen; we are second to no  
race in the world in bravery and powers of en-  
durance; but to ask us to eat porterhouse beef-  
steaks and unlimited quantities of vegetables  
three times a day is too much. We will show  
what the sense of the regiment is, and how we  
feel about the matter."

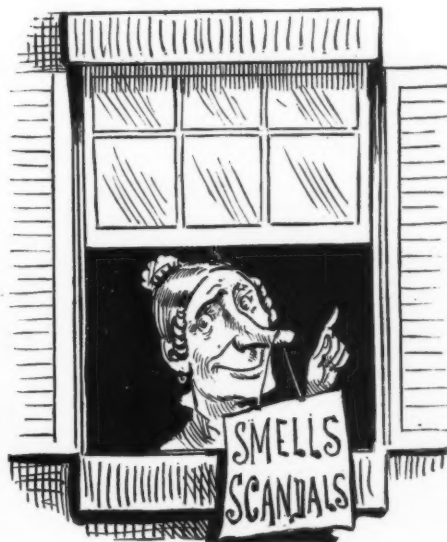
Consequently the Sixty-ninth Regiment ate  
thrice as much per head as any other organi-  
zation, and the caterers who are under contract  
are thinking about making an assignment.

"We are Irishmen," repeated the men of the  
regiment: "but even the State military authori-  
ties can not afflict our stomachs with impu-  
nity."

When the Peekskill soldier lies on his nar-  
row couch after "taps," he thinks of his wife  
and little ones in New York City, who are so  
cruelly far away—just fifty miles—and then he  
wonders if the coming sham-fight in the morn-  
ing will leave him still intact to return to them.



## SUMMER-HOTEL NOSES.



HOW CAN A LANDLORD PLEASE EVERYBODY?

## MY LITTLE SMALL DIMINUTIVE DOGLET.

He is only three or four months of age. In short, he is just budding into doghood—that sweet period of life when the canine mind is yet undimmed by even a brick; when all is rosy with hope, and the future is radiant as a Summer sky.

Across the horizon of his fair young life floats not a purple cloudlet to disturb him. He is as happy as he can be. Nothing to do but drink milk out of a blue saucer and sleep on a pretty cardinal rug all day. He is so happy that he can not keep still. He runs from one room to another, and the tinkle of his nails on the oil-cloth is as soothing as the patter of rain on dry leaves. When he reaches the garret he hears the door-bell ring, and, after he has cocked his ears up to make sure that it is not a mere caprice, he emits a preliminary bark and rushes for the stairs as fast as he can to see who it is. He only descends about three steps on his little plump baby-feet; for, when he has gone that far, he falls in the excitement, and rolls the rest of the way, while heart-rending howls fill the air and tell the hearer how much he is frightened and how little he is hurt.

He never remains in one spot two minutes unless asleep. First he will lie on one side and get into a seemingly comfortable position, only

to arise, stretch himself and lie down on the other side. Having done this, he places his chin between his fore-paws and watches you with a sort of critical impertinence. And before you know it he assumes a playful mood, and scampers across the room to where you are sitting and tries to jump on your lap, especially if he has just been running in the wet grass.

He will only come to you when you don't want him. When you call him, he suspects you of entertaining ulterior motives toward him. He walks up until within two or three feet of you, and then stands still and regards you hypercritically. As you stoop and extend your hand, he backs away, and finally runs under the table to elude you.

When he acts in this way, you may rest assured that the little rascal has been into some devilry, and fancies you know all about it and desire to correct him.

He is particularly odious in the eyes of the cook, who never loses an opportunity to sweep him rudely out of the kitchen on the broom. When she comes down in the morning to light the fire, she misses every stick of kindling-wood; which billets are found at intervals during the day in all parts of the house, from the garret to the cellar.

He is the greatest little rogue I ever met. He delights in taking things from where they belong, and forgetting to put them back. Spools of thread are taken from the work-box, and chewed and pawed around, and finally left on the stairway to help you down.

He is a capacious creature in many ways. He is frequently placed upon his haunches and neatly balanced, with a view to perfect him in the art of sitting up. This makes him look disconsolate and sheepish, and as soon as the person teaching him leaves him to sit alone, he rolls over so clumsily as to give the impression that he would like nothing better than to learn to sit up, but that really he is incapable of it. Then he pretends that he has been hurt by rolling over, and looks appealingly at you to desist.

He will not wear his neatly embroidered blanket, but will always manage to scratch it off or roll out of it as soon as he is alone and out of sight. Not long ago a fantastic military cap, fashioned out of a piece of newspaper, was placed upon his head. He appeared discomfited when held up to see himself in the mirror; and as soon as put on the floor, he took that cap off with one deft blow of a hind-leg, in a manner that for ever settled the fact that he is without martial ambition.

And then he is so fond of shoes! Why, nothing pleases him more than to take one of my shoes in his mouth and shake it around in the air as he would a rat.

He has all the gold daisies mutilated or chewed off the red slippers I hold so dear for the gentle maker's sake. He seems to prefer them to all my other foot-gear, perhaps because he can secure a firmer grip on them than on leather. When I caught him feasting on those daisies, which, unfortunately for him, I did, I held him out at arm's length by the tail, and gave him about five blows for each flower. Some female member of the household came in and said I was a brute, and held the shivering beast against her face, and patted him affectionately, and offered him words of comfort and consolation.

He wouldn't have anything to do with me for a week, but skulked behind chairs and under sofas whenever I came around. But one night, while I was sitting at the table reading, he lay down on one of my feet under the impression that it was an ottoman, and I grabbed him before he could discover his mistake. He seemed greatly mortified at first, but finally made up, and we have been the very best of friends since.

Whenever I walk across the room he runs after me, and not infrequently holds the ends of my trousers-legs in his teeth and allows me to drag him along on his feet. When he is put outside, he stands on his hind-legs and shivers on the steps, with his fore-paws and nose against the screen-door, and barks so loud and incessantly that there is no alternative but to admit him. And he is no sooner inside than his heart is brimming over with joy, which he expresses by barking so loudly that we are obliged to put him out again, that we may have a little quiet in the house.

Whenever I put my hat on he runs around the table in wild delight, or up and down the hall at full speed, for he fancies he is to be taken for a walk. Nothing makes him happier than the prospect of a walk, and when he has walked so far that he is tired out, he expects to be carried home.

When I start for the train in the morning, I usually take a short cut across a field of tall grass. The grass is so high that I never discover the dog is with me until I am out on the road and close to the station. Then I have to turn around and take him back to the house, and miss my train by the operation. About three-quarters of him are Scotch. I don't know what the other quarter is, and don't care whether it is exotic or not. His tail, or rather something like three-quarters of it, was removed several weeks ago, a *connoisseur* having said that it would prevent the animal from having fits, and add to his personal appearance.

Now he wags what little tail he has left, and doesn't seem to miss what was taken off until he attempts to seize hold of it with his teeth. I have seen him move in a swift circle for minutes without securing it, much to his mortification and disappointment.

One day we tied a small piece of meat to it, in order to exercise the dog, because he was becoming lazy. But he didn't run very far. By a mad, impassioned wag he wagged the meat off, quickly devoured it, and looked as though he liked that kind of treatment immensely. After which he went out and ran across a number of garments bleaching on the grass, and covered them with muddy foot-marks, in his great hurry to reach the fence to see a coach-dog that was passing.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

OUR colored friend—PUCK.—A waist-basket—the corset.—A jockey club—the riding-whip.—*Boston Courier.*

#### TO A TIP-UP.

Slim, unbalanced bird  
A-tip upon the sands,  
Here 's a friendly word,  
A mental shaking-hands.

Ludicrous enough,  
But not more so than I:  
Of such teet'ring stuff  
Is all mortality.

Put a bill on man,  
We 'd pass for twins, I think;  
So since time began  
He 's bobbed it on the brink.

Fellow, here 's your mate,  
Poor puppet with his strings—  
Twitching threads of fate  
For champion curvetings.

—J. V. Cheney, in *The Critic*.

#### PHILOSOPHY.



CITIZEN (examining last Summer's flannel shirt).—  
"My own fault—my own fault, b'Jove! Mightier known it. Didn't put in enough insect-powder. Moths ate up all the insect-powder—nothin' more to eat—began on the shirt—' course they did—can't blame 'em!"

—Wherever the people are smokers, there the fame of the Durham tobacco is known. It is *sui generis*—of its own kind. Its peculiar fragrance and flavor are known as well in Canada, South America, Cuba, Japan, Germany, France, China and Australia as in the United States, and all who revel in the luxury of a pipe or cigarette, rely on Blackwell's Durham Long Cut. It is peerless in purity and fragrance.

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Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

#### CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.  
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.  
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.  
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

PUCK WILL BE DECIDEDLY ON DECK  
DURING THE CAMPAIGN—



which will be an unusually lively and interesting one—and he respectfully begs leave to notify his many friends and enemies that he will take subscriptions during the campaign (from June to November) for any desired number of weeks.

#### Contents of

## Puck on Wheels No. V.

Illustrated by

Joseph Keppler, F. Oppen, B. Gillam, F. Graetz, E. Zimmerman, E. S. Bisbee, A. Berghaus, H. Strohl and H. Schlittgen.

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HANAN & SON.

"The moon is waning," Elfrida said, sitting a little closer to Ethelred to keep off the malaria. "Yes," said old Sir Marmalade, her sire, who crossed the piazza at that moment: "and the swain is mooning. Haw, haw, haw!" and he was gone. Ethelred shuddered and drew Elfrida to his side until she had to breathe in her mind. "Thank heaven," he said earnestly: "that the moon is not waxing! I tremble to think what a joke it might have suggested to him!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

We don't blame him, too. In an old-fashioned church in Philadelphia the choir roosts in a gallery above the pulpit, and the pastor is seriously contemplating resignation if the men and women singers do not cease their careless habit of dropping peanut-shells and bonbon verses down on his bald head while he is preaching. The best place to keep the average church-choir is down in the cellar. It is not so apt to sour, and then it can't be heard so distinctly.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"I WANT to present Augustus with a cane," said a New York lady: "but I don't know what size he wears."

"What do you mean by size?" was the question: "Are canes of different sizes?"

"Oh, yes, and one has to be very careful in selecting them. I shouldn't like to send dear Augustus a cane with a head big enough to choke him."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A GREAT deal of surprise has been expressed because the Vassar girls get away with 2,400 pan-cakes at one breakfast. It should be mentioned, however, in justice to the young ladies, that they do not do their own cooking.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Take an old rubber band, or a piece of elastic that has been kept a few months. Stretch it, and you will see that the rubber cracks and remains limp. This will show you the perishable nature of ordinary CONGRESS SHOES. The elastic sides of any Congress shoe are sure to decay and become worthless UNLESS FRESH when you buy them. Consequently you should be made aware of one important fact in order that you may purchase your shoes INTELLIGENTLY. Bear in mind that shoes which have been handled by middlemen may have been piled up and held in stock for months. It is true that these goods may look as well as ever, and the weakness of the elastic perhaps will not show until the shoes have been worn awhile. Be cautious about buying Congress Shoes which may have been shelved by middlemen. If you want to be safe, buy the JAMES MEANS \$3 SHOE which is NOT handled by any middlemen, but comes FRESH from the factory of James Means & Co., to the retailer.

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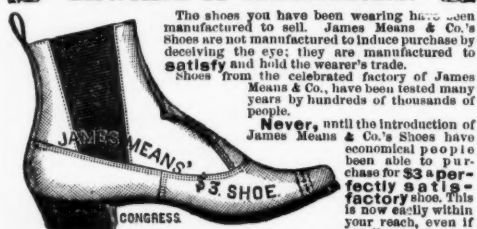
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AUGUSTUS—I never met your pa. Is he at home?

EDITH—Yes; up-stairs.

AUGUSTUS—Asleep by this time, I suppose?

EDITH—No; he never goes to sleep until the house is locked up.

AUGUSTUS—Ah! Yes, ah! By-the-way, what are your pa's politics? He is a Blaine man, isn't he?

EDITH—No; he is a kicker.

Augustus left.—*Philadelphia Call*

LORD SOMERSET, a delightful young dude, has his man drag a barrel-organ through London streets, and Somerset halts before houses and plays "for charity." It is pleasing to find the young bloods of the aristocracy making themselves useful, if not ornamental. As hand-organ men, the Italian counts must give way to the British noblemen.—*Oil City Derrick*.

"JOHN SMITH has gone and tied a knot in my horse's tail," complained a Stockyards man to a lawyer this morning: "Now, what can I do about it?" he demanded.

"You can go and untie it," laconically replied the lawyer: "and pay me five dollars for legal advice."—*Chicago Sun*.

THE proportion of the color-blind persons, says an exchange, is 6 per cent among the Quakers, while the percentage in the general community is only 3½. This may account for the fact that Philadelphia is regarded as beautiful by the inhabitants.—*Boston Post*.

An Indiana man who was recently hanged nodded to a minister who desired to give consolation just before the drop fell and said:

"I'll see you later."

The minister is sorry he said anything now.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

"I THINK I'll take a run out into the suburbs," said a New Yorker.

"Where to?" asked his partner.

"Oh, I guess I'll go out to Boston."—*Brooklyn Times*.

In an exchange, at the bottom of a serial story entitled "Mrs. Ray's Lodger," are the words: "Concluded to-morrow." We suppose the lodger will either pay up or get fired.—*Boston Post*.

ONE of the objections now made to the game of lawn-tennis is that the players have to attend so closely to the game that flirting is rendered impossible.—*Boston Post*.

ALL the horses seem to be more successful this year than ever before in lowering the records. The bank-presidents are with them.—*Unknown Ex*.

If at first you don't succeed, try again. If one tailor won't trust you, try another.—*Phila. Kromble-Herald*.

Whether you prefer the sea breeze or the bracing mountain air for your summer vacation, you should not omit to provide yourself with a bottle of **Angostura Bitters**, which is the acknowledged standard regulator of the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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Softly the touch of the July breezes fell up-  
on the face of the dying youth and stirred the  
beautiful brown hair in careless curls upon his  
pure white forehead. In a golden cage by the  
window a bird sang its low sweet notes, and  
by the bedside stood those who loved him.  
The blue eyes, fast fading, opened feebly, and  
the silver-haired minister bent over the youth  
and with quivering voice spoke to him.

"Do you know me, Frank?"

"Yes, sir," was the low response: "and all  
the others who are with you. It is so kind of  
them to be near me as the shadows darken and  
the mists of the valley thicken and chill me  
with their dampness."

"Are you quite ready to die, dear boy?"

"Yes, sir; oh, yes, quite ready; you know  
ever since the first robin of Spring sang in the  
trees there has been a man right next door  
learning to play on the cornet."

A cloud passed over the sun; the bird in its  
golden cage stopped its song; the blue eyes  
closed wearily—the invisible angel had come.  
—*The Keynote.*

**AN EXPERIENCED HAND.**

In the olden days, when the leading Boston  
grocers all kept full assortments of wet goods  
for the accommodation of their customers, a  
certain dealer, who was well known to the in-  
habitants of the then provincial town, was quite  
vain of his accomplishment in doing up neat  
and attractive bundles. One day a well-known  
colored citizen known as Black John entered  
the store and called for a pound of tea.

"I'll bet," said the dealer, as he wrapped  
up the tea: "that I can put up a pound of tea  
in a smaller bundle than any man in Boston."

"No doubt you can," said Black John: "and  
you can put a pint of gin into a smaller bot-  
tle than any man in Boston."—*Boston Globe.*

"WHAT'S this thing?" asked a man who was  
inspecting a music-store.

"That? Oh, that's used on violins. We  
call it a chin-rest."

"Gimme one!" exclaimed the visitor:  
"S'pose it would work on my wife?"—*Bur-  
lington Free Press.*

THERE is a man in this State who has an af-  
fection of the optic nerve which causes him to  
wink continually, and whenever he goes into a  
drug-store, even to buy a cake of soap, the  
clerk immediately glides toward the soda-foun-  
tain and fixes a glass for him.—*Boston Post.*

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